

The Modish LONDON Life: 174

OR,

The Merry Meeting.

To an excellent New Tune. Or, *My Life and my Death.* Or, *Now, now the Fight's done.*



[1]

(Bouls?)

Would you know how we meet o're our jolly full
As we drink off our *Wine* the *Glass* merily trouls
The sweet *Mel's* the sharp, the kind sooth the strong,
And nothing but friendship flows all the night long;
We drink, laugh, and celebrate every desire,
Love only remains an unquenchable Fire.

[2]

Thus wedrown all our cares in our Rosie rich *Wine*,
While we drink a brisk *Glass* to the fair and divine;
Though Beauty can charm, 'tis *Wine* does inspire,
And in e'ry breast can create a new fire:
'Tis *Wine*, *Wine* our noble Physician does prove,
And does cure the tormenting Ague of Love.

[3]

Is there here e're a Youth for a Beauty does pine?
Let him take but a Dose of the Juice of the Vine,
'Twill give him relief, 'twill cure his Disease,
And in a few minutes bring pleasure and ease,
'Twill give him new Life, and will take away care,
And make him despise the fickle and fair.

[4]

Is there here e're a Man that does lead a dull life
With a froward, untoward, cross, peevish, ill wife?
Let him take this same Grape, 'twill vigor restore,
And cure all his grief, (as I told you before.)
When wives with their Curtain shrill Musick alarm,
Wine lulls men to sleep, and keeps them from harm.

[5]

'Tis the sad mans best friend, and creates him delight
It takes away dainels, and makes the eyes bright;
Those eyes that lookt dull, will (soon) look divine,
Will charge in a moment, and sparkle like Wine:
Thus *Wine* does new vigor and virtue impart,
And does strangely relieve and comfort the Heart.

[6]



Would a Lover look gay, and appear with boon grace?
Give him Wine, 'twill adorn and enliven his Face.
'Twill make him more bold to court without fear,
For some court young Maids as if *Furies* they were,
They creep, cringe, and tremble, are hugely afraid
Of a gentle, soft, tender, fair, beautiful Maid.

[7]

Let us merrily live, void of trouble and care,
And regard not the snares and the Nets of the Fair.
Let us all laugh at love that naked young boy,
While we more substantial delights do enjoy;
'Tis not *Venus* Son can our fancies remove,
To leave off our *Wine*, and think upon Love.

[8]

We have oft broke his Bow, e'ry Arrow and Dart,
The winged young Archer could ne'r hit our heart:
All fighting we hate, as we whining despise,
For *Nectar* does make us more merry and wise,
We'll drink while young Lovers do court and do vow,
While they to the Female Beauties do bow.

[9]

Thus in innocent mirth we are happy each day,
And our minutes and houres glide sweetly away:
We have no Caballs, nor plotting do mind,
We safer and sweeter enjoyments can find.
We bend all our thoughts for to pleasure our friend,
And 'tis pitty such pleasures ever should END.

This may be printed, R. P.

Printed for J. Conyers at the sign of the Black Raven
in Fetter-lane, near Holbourn.

Where any Chapmen may be furnished with all sorts
of new Songs, as formerly.
Bought at Oxon for a new Ballad
14. Feb. 1696.